

ENTERTAIN MEAT

Circle of ill health ... Our cup of MEAT

A small pile of photographs with their attached "pictures caption" forms drew my attention the other day while sifting through the contents of the Entertainment box at the Bruns office. Here were shots of a band called "Circle of Ill Health", playing in a church hall in Fredericton. This is not an uncommon sight, but somehow, reading the blurbs on the photos describing the dimly tiny crowd and looking at the pictures of the band, captured in the midst of their music, I felt indescribably sad. Here were talented, sincere musicians, writing music and performing it to crowds of nobody, pouring their guts into something that inevitably ended up being for themselves alone.

This is probably extreme. I'm sure that "Circle of Ill Health" has a hearty following of loyal fans, yet the overall picture painted by the few photos from the concert on Thursday was one both depressing and, unfortunately, familiar. What is it that makes a city with two universities, an "alternative" radio station and even an independent record company force an interesting and talented band into playing a concert on a Thursday night at a church? Why was no one there? Why wasn't I there?

A little research told me that a promotional photograph had been sent to the Bruns, and with a little effort, I located it. The bands promoter had written what amounted to a plea on the back of this photo, saying he would make "every attempt to contact you" and give the Bruns an outline "if you deem fit to run the thing."

I feel this is a necessary issue to address: what is with Fredericton and live music? It's not just the "Circle of Ill Health" are not mainstream. It's not just that the music they play might be "alternative." I'm sure the owners of the Aitken Centre will tell you that it is very rare to see a sell-out crowd for a concert there (I don't think I remember one). Sure, Stompin' Tom Connors



Circle Of Ill Health packs a real punch into the only cover song of their set the Doors Song "Break on Through."

may have put on a lousy concert, but no one knew that before they went and there were still no people at the show. What the hell is going on? Even "Candi" the biggest Canadian hit makers of last summer played to a pathetically small crowd at the Aitken Centre.

What to do, what to do. I do not believe that there is a

world-wide apathy towards live music. Whether or not a big-name act pre-programs the saxophone slow and backup vocals is not a deciding factor in the fate of the live concert venue. People thought that with the advent of the commonplace VCR, folks would stop going to movie theatres. This is just not so. The big screen, the crowded seats. . .You can't get

that at home just like you can't get live music at home no matter how good your stereo system is.

When started as a concert review seems to have degenerated to an attack on attitude I really have no right to thrust forward; I remain guilty as the rest. I am, however, making a conscious effort to keep up with concerts like the one last

Thursday, and I hope to follow this issue further.

To "Circle of Ill Health" and to "The Druids", who backed them up, and to those few who did attend, my hat is off. Keep it ups guys, and don't give up on Fredericton yet.

Chris Hunt

Raving Dave's Reviews

Band: Lead Into Gold
Album: Age Of Reason
Label: Wax Trax

Age Of Reason starts off with, naturally, a title track. Wow, eh? It initially sounds sort of ... poppy? But it gets better. The guitars must die, though. D-d-d-d-dance with whining vocals. Too bad the "main member", Paul Barker, looks like Moe of T.P.O.H. Icky.... Smash it! Heavy bash-o hammers and Australian drones in-tro more wailing/squeezed balls

lyrics. Sigh. Don't be afraid to gargle, guy. Not tooooo bad for five months ago but okay. I like it. Oh yeah, the name would help right? Unreason it is.... Snake Oil??? In bizarre 2/4 time, this dance-thrunge track seems to portray bag-pipes on acid and little rubber duckies from Finland. S'okay. Repetitive? Just a little....

Here's the one! Think The Land Of Rape And Honey (Ministry) mixed with a sloooow version of D. Mode's Never Let Me Down Again (aggro mix). That's what A Giant On Earth is. Death! Whomp! Die Yuppie Skum!! R-aaaaaaah!!! By far the max-o-smurf song of the week. GIMME!! Watch for slow death, near you.... Side two! Faster Than Light is the cut. Really cool bass drones into a seemingly arcade game soundtrack (Ghosts & Goblins

meets Gauntlet?) Hey! These vocals aren't too bad. "Faster than light and harder...Never stop!..." Nifty pause there. Even the Platypus likes this one. "Cooked off the bone..." KILL! Foolish coz-freaks: buy me! The second best cut.... Sixth song: Lunatic/Genius. Industrial grunge from our fave not-quite-Ministry-but-almost shred band. "Pain in my head...." Sort of fades from industrostuff into moshable goo.... Welllllll, 50/50. Needs work. Needs synths. Heh heh heh.... Sweet Thirteen. Heavy! Revodrums and acid-gargle with Barbi dolls slowly dismembering themselves (via sampler...) don't make for d-d-d-dance. Good. This. Isn't. Dance. And yes, it

is about a teenager. Actually, a male teen who "signal[s] with a jerking hand...." Ah-huh. We all know what that means. Not the best basis for a song, eh? Oh well....

Final track: Oh boy. Movie samples. Dragnet? I hope not. Ah! Power synths. Sort of. And guitar ("uke...Puh-uke). "Yet screaming from inside...Fell from heaven...." Gee, maybe it's Fell From Heaven. Chew on that Mr. "Let's censor everything" Righteous. I doubt this one will get banned; it's not as good as Foetus. All in all: 6/10. Try me! Buy me! Love me forever!!!

Till a fort-night,

Dave

Iggy's

Hey kids, what Does anybody realize how hard with a straight-jacket But that's another

If I were to what would be to pop into your pizza topping. for shoes? The Mary serves Wrong, all wrong are, in fact, one bands on the market Their debut LP Album (with cover) has been everywhere (a the rooms of post university students

Okay, I'll think it was Bootsauce has their song Let mention both and Aunt Jen somehow make sound sexual. about you punches a version of re Out is a punch tune with a n slight sexual "lick you like cone").

Scratching second song Album is a n disturbing piece no matter how listen to this can't pin down creepy quality it. Of course deep voice he

"Wait a probably say is Drew?" you in. Bootsauce's of course, ac

The

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